

# The Critic

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Ἀρίστον μὲν ὕδωρ

(TO DR. FURNESS, AFTER HEARING HIM READ A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE)

GOD FINDETH water in most various ways,  
For thirsting men in life's most desert days,  
Some dig and bore, or pump with might and main;  
To some a mirage o'er a dry, flat plain,  
To some a green oasis in the sand,  
Tells of the crystal moisture near at hand.

But the most wondrous gift is his, whose hand,  
With the witch hazel in unmeant command,  
Points, where no eye had seen, no search had found,  
To some unmarked, unlikely piece of ground,  
And strikes—as Moses' rod the Rock—the place  
Where a fair Naiad hides her modest face.

This is thine art, my friend. Where ponderous pumps,  
Artesian bores, deep diggers—critics called,—  
Have worried Shakespeare's wonder-world, with thumps  
And throes of toil, thy magic wand, enthralled  
With the sweet witchcraft of thy thought and voice,  
Touches, now here, now there, spots bare and bald,  
And a fresh spring of beauty makes our hearts rejoice.

10 JUNE 1896

W. C. D.

## A Book and Its Story

THE JOURNAL OF THE GONCOURTS

THE RECENT DEATH of Edmond de Goncourt has recalled public attention to the two brothers, Edmond and Jules, who, whatever their claims to share with Flaubert and Zola the distinction of founding the naturalistic school, will long be endeared to the French people as the exceptional pair of brothers who never quarreled. Their friendly collaboration extended over a period of twenty-two years. From their mother's death in 1849, when they were respectively twenty-eight and nineteen years of age, till the death of Jules in 1870, they were only twice parted for the space of twenty-four hours. They were just enough alike and unlike each other to harmonize. It is said that with absolute difference of temperament, tastes and character, they enjoyed an absolute similarity of ideas, sympathy and antipathy for people, and had identical intellectual visions. Jules died, his brother thought, from overwork and, "above all, from the desire to elaborate the artistic form, the chiseled phrase, the workmanship of style. \* \* \* His thoughts were never for an instant diverted from literature by a pleasure, an occupation, a passion of any sort, nor by love for a woman, or for children. His only excess was in tobacco." Edmond was born eight years before Jules and outlived him twenty-six years. One year older than Flaubert, he outlived the latter sixteen years. He had eighteen years the start of both Daudet and Zola. "Germinie Lacerteux" (1865) followed Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" at an interval of eight years, and antedated Zola's "Assommoir" by twelve years, which shows that, chronologically at least, the brothers Goncourt ranked with the other two, who commonly get all the credit, or discredit, of turning French fiction into a naturalistic channel.

\* \* \*

The "Journal des Goncourt," in which for forty-five years the two brothers at first, and then Edmond alone, chronicled small talk with the minuteness and inconsequence and none of the cheerfulness of a Pepys, will soon be printed in full, together with a stack of letters which deal *in cuerpo* with many of the younger generation of writers. These letters and diaries, so subjective and anecdotal, blending, as they do, into one biography, will more than ever tend to unify the

personality and influence of the Goncourts. From that portion already published it is interesting to trace their rise, through storm and stress and much bitterness of spirit, to a well deserved fame, and how far they attained the rewards and indulgences they had looked forward to. No less interesting are their opinions of their contemporaries while climbing the upward path and after they had "arrived," and the comments they made from time to time on their own work and methods. One can read between the lines that their early years were not without self-sacrifice and hard exertion. At one time the brothers gave away their dress suits (alas for the traditions of Bohemia—they had more than one between them!) to make it impossible to accept invitations. One thinks of Charles and Mary Lamb when he reads:—"We are sitting up late making researches, resuscitating dead men and women with whom we feel on the best of terms." But there are very few of these cheerful passages. On almost every page one hears the wail of baffled ambition and unsatisfied yearning.

"Alas, for the organized silence," they write, "in which those who desire the benefits of recognition are passed over! The grief-laden and heart-breaking hours we spent come back to us. Ah! that silent inward agony, which none looked on but our bleeding self-consciousness and our fainting hearts, that momentous and uneventful suffering, written as it were on our quivering flesh. What a fine subject for analysis; but no writer will ever write it—for the slightest success, a publisher who accepts your work, the gain of a few hundred francs, a number of articles taken at five or six sous a line, the bringing of your name before the public, any one of these occurrences helps to cure the past, and to lap you round with the waters of Lethe."

\* \* \*

Unlike Daudet, whose career has been one marked by persistent good fortune, the Goncourts met with many rebuffs. They were alternately buoyant and depressed. The spectator's interest is keenly alive to the frequent contrast between hope and fruition, as in the following two references to "Hommes de Lettres," first written in the form of a play and published as a romance in 1865:—

"Our play, 'Hommes de Lettres,' is nearly finished. Building unstable castles in the air, we tell each other that if it brings us in money—that is, a great deal of money,—we shall play ducks and drakes with it, laugh at it, abuse it, waste it on follies. We, who believe that it is beyond the power of money to procure a single sensation or one drop of happiness!

"After ten years of work, the publication of fifteen volumes, after long vigils, persevering conscientiousness, and even success; after giving to the world an historical work which has already a European reputation; after this very novel ('Hommes de Lettres'), in which even our enemies recognized a stupendous strength, neither the least important newspaper nor any small review has come to ask us what is going to happen to the MS. of our next novel."

What they did do when their writings brought in plenty of money, was not to play ducks and drakes with it, but to collect curios and buy a monkey, which, Edmond said, was "the size of my fist, with a tail as big as my arm." And they were then able to indulge their love of the seaside. From Havre they wrote to Princess Mathilde, who was their angel somewhat as the Empress was Daudet's:—"Call up the vision of two men who are leading an absolutely simple existence, walking all day long, drinking in the sea air, and being splashed on the pier by the waves, and you will have seen us. Princess, we try to think of nothing, but in spite of ourselves the Rue de Courcelles rises before us. The ocean has so little to say, the sea seems to care so little for her admirers."

\* \* \*

Their opinions, taken at random, rarely attain the degree of sanity appreciable in the remark that Edgar Allan Poe was a great story-teller, or even that Balzac and Gavarni, the caricaturist, were the greatest men of the century. As if knowing their imperfect judgment, they were content on most occasions to be reporters of others' opinions. So that we have a rare assortment of literary gossip served up as nearly at first hand as can be achieved by hearsay. Like Lowell, of whom it is said that, till he went abroad to be Minister to the Court of St. James, he had scarcely a dozen intimates, the brothers Goncourt cultivated a small circle of friends, comprising, however, the most distinguished French writers of the age; and these, their characteristics and idiosyncracies, the Journal brings vividly before us in an irregular series of thumbnail sketches.

Hugo wrote to Mlle. Thuillier:—"Here it is very melancholy. It rains, and it is as if tears were falling." It was a different, better-known Hugo of whom Michelet said:—"He is endowed with a strength which is ever strung up to the highest pitch—the strength of a man who is always walking against the wind, and who takes two sea-baths a day." Janin confided:—"Do you know why I have lasted twenty years? Simply because I change my opinion every fortnight. If I were always saying the same thing, my *feuilleton* would lose all its flavor; my readers would no longer be eager to see what I write." Theophile Gautier is reported to have said:—"I have my own system of syntax. I throw my phrases up in the air as if they were kittens, and they always fall on their feet. \* \* \* They set up the type as I write. The smell of the printer's ink is a sure stimulant to work. Unless I saw ten lines printed, I could not get on to the next ten. I must be in the midst of things, and can work only when a racket is going on about me; whereas, when I shut myself up for work, the solitude tells upon me and makes me sad." It was Ponson du Terrail who could sacrifice his pride to the editor of a paper in which his long serial was being published:—"Give me notice a few days ahead," he said, "if your public is getting bored, and I will finish up in one chapter."

\* \* \*

Flaubert, whose literary creed was that form always gave birth to thought, once completed a novel with these words:—"It is finished. I have only ten more pages to write, but the ends of my sentences are all in my head." "So that," in Gautier's words, "he hears in anticipation the music of the last words in his sentences before the sentences themselves have been written. I believe he has devised a sort of literary rhythm. \* \* \* Flaubert once worked two months, from 9 A. M. till 4 A. M.: result of these 900 hours, a thirty-page story. \* \* \* Flaubert was wont to say:—"The plot of a novel is quite indifferent to me. When writing a novel, my aim is to represent a color or shade. For instance, the tone of my Carthaginian novel is purple. In "Madame Bovary" I was anxious to produce a musty shade, suggestive of the life of vermin." Flaubert would have protested, we are told, that the description of a disemboweled ox is neither more nor less artistic, provided it is well executed, than the description of a fine man stepping out of the sea after a bath, or of a castle which has been the home of one of the makers of romance. "The moment a thing is true it is good. Obscene books even are only immoral because they want truth." Apropos of this enunciation, it is noteworthy that Robespierre's first literary effort, which fortunately was never published on account of the Revolution, was a poem on the "Art of Spitting and of Blowing One's Nose."

\* \* \*

Ernest Renan deliberately sought to eradicate from his writing every touch of the language of journalism, his object being to reproduce the literary French of the seventeenth century. Daudet said of Renan that "his brain was like a

cathedral no longer used for divine service, containing wood, trusses of straw, miscellaneous things, but retaining its religious architecture." To Taine is attributed the sage remark that Shakespeare, Dante, Michael Angelo and Beethoven are the Four Caryatides of Humanity. M. Alphonse Daudet is shown at his best as a *raconteur* in the informal gatherings of his fellow-craftsmen. "By-the-bye," he said on one such occasion, "there is a story of a woman in an omnibus, that I think would not come amiss when speaking of the theatre. A woman in black gets into an omnibus; her mourning and her bearing and her whole appearance force her neighbors to inquire into the history of her misfortunes. These she relates, and all the occupants of the omnibus are moved. As for the conductor, he never ceases blowing his nose, in order to hide his tears. She tells of the death of a first and second child, but at the death of a third, the interest of the omnibus begins to slacken, and when she reaches the death of the fourth, which had been devoured by a crocodile on the banks of the Nile, everybody bursts out laughing. Whenever an author writes a play, he should always keep in mind the story of the woman in the omnibus."

\* \* \*

The Goncourts are not so diverting when they talk about themselves. If, as has been said, genius is a disease of the nerves, it is a painful eccentricity of genius to inflict on a long-suffering world pathological studies of its own ailments. When, however, the brothers turn from their legion of little maladies to their literary tastes and methods, there is the same note of suggestion and novelty as is observed in their gossip:—

"I think the best literary education for a writer from the time he leaves school to the age of twenty-five or thirty would be the informal, faithful transcription, each evening, of all he has seen, forgetting, for the nonce, as far as possible what he has read in books. \* \* \* There is some unknown power, some superior will (in fact, a kind of necessity), which orders your work and guides your pen, so much so that what comes from your hand often appears not to be your own. \* \* \* The novel of the future will be expected to tell the story of the brain rather than of the heart of humanity. \* \* \* I tell you frankly that the poorest psychological novel is of greater interest to me than all your Homer put together. I would rather read [Benjamin Constant's] 'Adolphe' than the 'Iliad.'"

The novels of the Goncourts, if not strongly psychological, "tell the story of the brain rather than the heart." The passion of love plays scarcely a part in them. They admitted to Zola, "Alas, our works are unhealthy. They possess the fancies and the grace of a sick man." Yet Zola was convinced, according to the Journal, that "after 'Madame Bovary' and the work of the Goncourts, there remained not a single type to portray." That the Goncourts at times intensely disliked the introspective trend of their own minds and of the literary movement in which they had become merged, and regarded it as unhealthy, may not unjustly be inferred from the following indirect reference to *les Anglais*:—"There is seldom to be found in our own country the beauty of declining years, the nobility of race and high-bred appearance, the sun-lit eyes, fine mouth and frank, kindly countenance—a type, in short, of one who has lived an honest, well-lived life, whose conscience is easy, and whose soul is pure."

\* \* \*

Edmond de Goncourt tells us that, if he had not adopted the profession of literature, and had had his bread to earn, he would have become what he somewhat poetically calls "an inventor of interiors for rich people." As it was, the decoration of interiors and collection of rare and antique bits of furniture and objects of art was no mere fad with him, as the house at Auteuil will amply testify. With inexpressible relief the brothers would return to their treasures from the vain strife of words, though their cynicism was never even thus wholly cured.



"After a violent discussion at Mangy's," Jules says, "from which I have just emerged with beating heart and parched throat, I am fully convinced of the following:—

"All political discussion comes to this: I am worth more than you.

"All literary discussion to this: I possess better taste than you.

"All artistic discussion to this: I see more clearly than you do.

"All musical discussion to this: I am gifted with a better ear than you can boast of."

G. M. H.

## Literature

### Edersheim's "Jewish Nation"

*History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. By the Rev. Alfred Edersheim. Revised by the Rev. Henry A. White: with a Preface by the Rev. William Sanday. Longmans, Green & Co.*

AMONG DR. EDERSHEIM'S notable contributions to theological literature, his "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," which was published in two volumes in 1885, and had in 1891 already reached its sixth edition, holds doubtless the first rank. But his "History of the Jewish Nation," though first published forty years ago, and the work of a young man of thirty, possesses qualities which make it too valuable to be lost, and which have led to its recent revival and revision in very peculiar circumstances. The present is, in fact, a third edition, though this is not made apparent on the title-page. But the careful work of the reviser, Mr. White, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, has made it, if not a new work, at least a complete one, embodying the results of the latest researches of Schürer, Mommsen, Neubauer, and other leading authorities on the subject.

The peculiar interest of Dr. Edersheim's original work,—an interest which is not affected by the revision,—resides in the fact that it comprises a history and description of the Jewish people of the time of Christ and the centuries immediately following, written by a Jewish rabbi. For such was Dr. Edersheim at his conversion, and such in sentiment he always remained. His conversion merely added to his Jewish creed a belief in the actual appearance of the expected Messiah, and a consequent relief from the shackles of the Mosaic law. It in no way affected his warm attachment to his own people, or his reverence for their distinguished teachers of former ages. His description of the modes of life which prevailed among the Jews of the Christian era, and his account of their eminent ecclesiastical rulers of that era and of the subsequent times, are full of interest and instruction of a striking cast. They show, by abundant evidence, that the Jews were distinguished among all the Oriental peoples by their liberality of sentiment, their humanity and their charity. What are now known as the Christian virtues were recognized among the Jews, and taught by their religious instructors as their ordinary duties.

Thus of "Hillel the Great," whose teaching gave its peculiar tone to the religious thinking, not only of his own period,—which was "the golden age of Talmudism," and which immediately preceded the coming of the Savior (Hillel having been born in the year 70 B. C.),—but of after times, we are told that he had summed up Judaism in the one command, "Do not that to thy neighbor which would be displeasing to thyself." It was thought comparatively easy to observe the law which only consisted in loving one's neighbor as one's self. "The command 'to love the Lord our God' was generally interpreted as referring to the duty of making his name beloved." Falsehood, for the sake of gain, was as criminal as idolatry. "To deceive even a heathen by word or deed was directly forbidden." The harshness of the Mosaic law, which inflicted the punishment of death with excessive frequency, was limited in its execution by the rabbinical statutes. "In fact, every legal device was employed to avoid this unpleasant necessity; and it was expressly

stated that the court which inflicted capital punishment more frequently than once in seven, or, according to some, in seventy, years, was cruel. Rabbin Tarphon and Akiha declared they would never have consented to such a sentence." The most unpleasant part of the Jewish social code was that which chiefly affected the people themselves,—the superstitious care required of them in observing the minor ceremonies of their law. But of the weightier moral offences which prevailed among other peoples, of the iron oppressions of the caste system which made improvement impossible to the Hindoos, and of the inclination to cruelty which debased the ancient Persians, as it does the modern Persians and Kurds, their social usages show no trace.

The spread of liberal institutions which followed the French Revolution brought the Jews of western and central Europe into a higher position in social life and popular esteem than they had held under the previous feudal or absolutist governments. The career of Dr. Edersheim affords a striking evidence of this fact. He was born of Jewish parents in Vienna, in 1825. His father was a man of considerable culture and wealth, and occupied a position of some standing in the city, not only as a banker, but as one interested in all intellectual and artistic pursuits. The son, at the age of ten, entered the gymnasium, where he studied for six years; and, we are told, "it is recorded of him that he was the first Jewish youth in Vienna permitted to carry prizes from that school. In 1841 he entered the University of Vienna as a student of philosophy, and he then helped to form the first republican club of the University." These facts show how rapidly the prejudices of race and creed were then passing away, even in a city which had once been noted for their violence, and which was forty years later to be still more noted for their unexpected revival. Of the subsequent events in Dr. Edersheim's life, his self-conversion, so to speak, by the perusal of a copy of the New Testament lent to him by Presbyterian Scottish ministers whom he met at Pesth,—of his removal to Scotland, becoming a minister of the Free Church, and holding for fifteen years the parish of Old Aberdeen, during which period his "History of the Jewish Nation" was published,—his further removal, for the benefit of his health, to the south of England, his admission into orders in the Church of England, his final attainment of a lectureship at Oxford, and the publication of many well-known works, it is not necessary to speak at length.

The revival of his "History" in a third edition after so long a quiescence is probably to be ascribed to the recent startling revival of the popular anti-Jewish frenzy in the land of his nativity,—an absurd frenzy, to which it might naturally be supposed that the work of an esteemed Christian rabbi, himself a native of Vienna, would afford a desirable antidote. The origin of this moral epidemic, which has overspread eastern and central Europe during the last twenty years, is curious and instructive. The improvements of navigation and the opening of new countries have brought to Europe vast quantities of cheap farm products from India, Australia, and South America, which have gradually reduced the home prices of similar products. With this, and with the increased taxation for the large standing armies, has come general agricultural distress. The Jews, whose position of bankers and traders has made them the principal dealers in these products, have been unable to pay the former prices, and, to save themselves from bankruptcy, have been compelled, in many cases, to deal rigorously with their debtors. An outcry has been raised against them as extortioners and as the causes of the distress, from which they are, in fact, among the principal sufferers. Millions of hard-working and debt-burdened cultivators in Russia, Austria, and Germany have been led to believe that if the Jews were expelled, good prices and prosperity would return.

In short, the anti-Jewish craze in Europe and the pro-silver craze in the United States have the same origin, and will be ranked hereafter together in history. They will be

known as two extraordinary popular delusions, by which multitudes of intelligent men, suffering under unexpected troubles, were induced to look for deliverance to outrageously absurd remedies, which, if attained, would have only increased their distress. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain, four centuries ago, was the beginning of the decline of that kingdom from the highest to almost the lowest rank among European powers,—from a condition of abounding wealth to one of almost general poverty. The consequence to the American nation of the free coinage of silver, under laws compelling its acceptance at nearly twice its actual value, would be a deplorable future of financial convulsion and universal suffering, too easy to foresee.

**"Carter Henry Harrison"**

*A Memoir. By Willis John Abbot. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THERE IS ENOUGH of the artist in the American temperament to have made the picturesqueness of the late Mayor of Chicago an important factor in his success. Something in his handsome presence, in the dash of romance about him, in his fearlessness and audacity, and his readiness to fight against heavy odds, appealed to the people. Throughout his life, in speech and action, there was always a suggestion of the dramatic or the melodramatic; and it was fitting that he should die at the hand of an assassin and be accompanied to his grave by a gorgeous pageant. His character was a curious combination of the Kentucky aristocrat and the northern politician, a combination in which the latter component gradually came to dominate and partially obliterate the former. Whether from conviction or ambition, he grew to be a democrat, a friend of the masses; and too often he sought to put himself upon their level. He was successful, not so much because of superiority, as because of adaptability. Yet there was a large portion of the community which he was never able to placate, to which the vulgar boastfulness of some of his speeches only emphasized the demagogue in him. Both his followers and his opponents, however, admired his pluck. The story of two of his battles for the mayoralty is a stirring one, for every paper in Chicago fought him bitterly, yet the combination was impotent to defeat him. It is a striking commentary upon the power of the press.

Mr. Abbot devotes rather too much attention to Mayor Harrison's ancestors, but, aside from that, his memoir is well written and carefully constructed. It is a straightforward narrative, which does not ignore its hero's faults, nor belittle the criticism of which he was constantly the victim. The biographer is lenient, but he is not blind. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Harrison "ascribed his final abandonment of the law to a dread of the ordeal of public speaking—a weakness which those familiar with his later ease and self-confidence on the platform will be slow to credit." During his political life it was his fluent audacity before an audience which was responsible for both his successes and his failures. His biographer acknowledges that he enjoyed a sensation, and comments upon his characteristic satisfaction in doing "an audaciously clever thing, which set the world talking." Yet, in spite of this desire to be conspicuous, or perhaps because of it, he was always sensitive to criticism. It was as Mayor of Chicago that he attained his reputation, although before he took that position he had done effective work in Congress. Eight years he served the city continuously, and just before the World's Fair was again elected, only to be shot down six months later. Mr. Abbot accepts his own summary of his achievements in office; and it is doubtless just, except in its silence in regard to the things he had left undone. His greatest skill was shown in the management of the city's finances, but he introduced, also, some important reforms and improvements. It was he who appointed the commission which recommended the Drainage Canal. Accused repeatedly of encouraging the gambling-houses, he maintained in

reply that it was better to regulate them than to attempt the impossible by suppressing them. "They who think," he said, "that the morals of a great crowded city can be made pure by law, are as much dreamers as the mad anarchists who imagine that crime can be destroyed by killing law." He himself was no dreamer; he was a practical politician who knew how to adapt means to ends. It is not an inspiring picture, for the ends were not always of the highest. But his integrity was never questioned; and he was capable of so surprising an act as his prohibition of vituperation in the columns of the *Times*, when he purchased it. He, who had suffered intensely from journalistic abuse, could be merciful to his enemies. As a writer he had the same fluency, the same diffuse rambling style, the same observant cleverness that he exhibited as a speaker.

**"The Great Rift Valley"**

*By Dr. J. W. Gregory. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THIS BOOK on Africa is somewhat different from the average British production. It is not only the story of a traveler, but contains a most fascinating treasury of scientific facts and theories stated in popular form. That part of Africa which was first reached by Speke and Grant from the south and by Baker from the north has been often described. Already the literature of the Victoria Nyanza basin (including Uganda) is voluminous, while that of the plateau region between it and the Indian Ocean is scanty. Dr. Gregory attempts in this book to supply some of this defect. Parts I. and II. of his splendid work are devoted to two expeditions which he made, of which the first was a failure. The second was made from Mombasa. He went northwestwardly to Lake Baringo, which is somewhat north of the Equator, and on his way back ascended Mount Kenya, 19,000 feet high, and passing thence westward of the river Athi reached the coast safely, having gone over a good deal of new ground and met with many adventures.

Interesting as is this fresh story of travel, we confess to finding a greater charm in Part III., which is devoted to the scientific description of eastern British East Africa. The title of Dr. Gregory's work sums up his theory, which, when presented to the eye in diagram, as in this work, seems convincing. Just as there lies between New England and New York a great "rift valley," in which Lakes Champlain and George, the Hudson River and New York Bay all take their place in a series, so there is a great rift or trough extending to near the south end of Africa, in which are the lakes Stefanie, Rudolph, Albert, Baringo, Tanganika, Leopold, Nyassa, etc. The author fortifies his theory by drawing upon the traditions of the natives, and shows that these traditions are but recollections of geographical changes. Making use of the labors of many explorers, he discusses very clearly the distribution of the East African flora and fauna and the physical geography and geology of these districts, which in the next century are to blossom with civilization. Some of the author's observations are convincing and strongly put. For example, he shows that the assembling and piling up of bones, as of the mammoths in Siberia, is not necessarily a proof, or even a phenomenon, of deluge, but rather of drought. While journeying across a plateau, he found around the water-holes fresh and ungnawed skeletons of many kinds of animals. The year before there had been a drought which had cleared both game and people from the region. Those which did not migrate, crowded round the dwindling pools, and fought for the last drop of water.

The question of the striping of the zebra and the tiger is simplified. At a distance of 300 yards, the stripes of the East African zebra cease to be visible. The animal then appears to be of a dull gray color, especially at dawn and sunset, which are the most dangerous times for game. In bright sunshine, a herd of them can be seen at a distance of over three miles, but that is not the time when their ene-



mies prey upon them, and at such hours their visibility involves little risk. Evidently Africa is a wonderful land for mimicry. Insects shaped like pea-pods and leaf buds, like lichen and dried sticks, or colored like leaves and rocks, were met with nearly every day. In one case Dr. Gregory, hearing, as he supposed, the hissing of a snake in a clump of grass, tried to drive it out. He threw handfuls of sand at it, and then, cautiously peering into the clump, he could just detect a small green head, and behind this appeared, whenever the noise was repeated, an expansion like the hood of a cobra. With his walking stick, he knocked over the creature, and found that the old proverb about breaking a butterfly on a wheel was fairly applicable. He had disabled a big grasshopper, which, by puffing out its wings, assumed the shape of the head of a hooded snake, while its noise was a good imitation of the dull, jerky hiss of the species. In another case, when he tried to push his stick through a bush to pull a flower, brightly colored and like a foxglove, towards him, he found flowers and buds flying off in all directions. The brilliant red and green flowers which made the woods so rich in color were nothing more than green and red winged insects, which, having limited power of flight, secured protection from birds by an ingenious mimicry of a cluster of flowers. Altogether, this volume, richly illustrated and furnished with excellent indexes, a glossary and two colored maps, may be set down as one of the most valuable in recent English literature upon Africa.

#### "The Downfall of Prempeh"

*A Diary of Life with the Native King in Ashanti. 1895-96. By Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell. With a Chapter on the Political and Commercial Position of Ashanti. By Sir George Baden-Powell, J. B. Lippincott Co.*

WE ALL REMEMBER Lord Wolseley's campaign in Ashanti, during which he plowed his way through the jungle and, reaching the capital, reduced it to ashes. Then, with many promises of the black pagans neatly put on paper, the Englishmen went away. Almost as a matter of course, the agreements made under constraint were not carried out. Human sacrifices went on the same as ever, woolly black heads were turned into bleaching skulls, the highroad from Kumassi was not kept open, slave trading and raiding went on, the surrounding tribes were kept in alarm and danger, the war indemnity was not paid, and, worse than all, trade languished. Hence it was necessary to appoint a British resident at Kumassi. At first refusing, then sending insulting replies, and finally declining to deal with the Governor of the colony, King Prempeh sent envoys to England. Instead of receiving these uninvited visitors, the Queen's Government sent a regiment or two of British troops and a corps of engineers. This force landed at Cape Coast Castle, about the middle of December 1895, and by Christmas it was in the bush. At Edunku, about 200 miles from the coast, the force divided into three parts and a simultaneous forward movement was made.

On January 17, the hill town was reached, but no fighting was to be done. The King not only decided to surrender, but was even willing to make formal submission in the most humiliating manner. He left his own throne, took off his four-storied crown of gold and embraced Governor Maxwell's boots. The royal palace was emptied of its treasures, the foreign gold-hilted swords, gold trinkets and rings, cases of brandy, as well as the common things of native manufacture, being sold at auction. No individual thieving, the author says, was done by any of the soldiers. The "palace" consisted of the usual wattle-and-daub mud huts with high walls and enormously high-pitched thatched roofs. Near the capital was the fetish village, where, among the roots of the trees, lay the skulls and bones of thousands of victims. The great fetish tree, near which heads were taken off, and the putrefied human blood made into fetish medicine, was blown

up with gun-cotton, and then the march to the coast was begun. King Prempeh was deported and will be kept under British guardianship until a permanently better government is secured. The Ashanti country now comes definitely under British influence, and four or five millions of natives will enjoy the benefits of peace, commerce and, we trust, Christianity, in place of the state of chronic war, brutality and human sacrifices which so long reigned in this part of dark-est Africa.

#### "Armenia and Her People"

*By the Rev. George H. Filian. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Co.*

AN ACCOUNT of Armenia by a native Christian subject of the Sultan necessarily differs from the story of foreigners who are guests on the imperial divan. Somehow or other, a good dinner at Constantinople, served by a polite and attentive host, gives one a different impression of the Armenian question from that held by one who has been overtaxed or tortured, or has had his wife insulted or his daughter stolen. "A gift destroyeth the heart," says the wise man. The Sultan's gifts, whether of promises of reform or of jewels and curiosities and fine dinners, are equally effective. One finds food for contemplation in comparing the reports of our representatives at Constantinople, to whom diplomacy, instead of being a life-long business, is but novel recreation, and the cool and careful statements made by men who have lived in the far interior of Turkey during most of their lives. Fortunately, also, for one who likes to get at the truth, there are British consuls in cities where Americans, though duly appointed, are not allowed to go, who furnish abundant facts which enable the unprejudiced reader to check and appraise the gilded statements of our unskilled diplomatists and the fiery rhetoric of Armenian revolutionists.

The Rev. George H. Filian, the author of this book, is a native pastor of one of the Christian churches in Marsovan, banished by the Turkish Government for freedom of speech. His trouble was that he followed out, more logically than his teachers intended, what he learned from the American missionaries. His work is interesting, for he knows how to write good English, and knows, also, what he is talking about; he is moreover, tremendously in earnest, and is ultra-patriotic. He thinks that there are no finer people in the world than the Armenians and no worse brutes than the Turks. He certainly shows very clearly how the Turkish system has been built up by foreign blood, and, outside of the Sultanate, pretty much entirely by foreign brains. The constant infusion of Christian ability and moral character into the Ottoman Government is what has kept its inherent defects and vices from bringing it to an end long ago. To be sure, what Mr. Filian states in somewhat heated rhetoric is nothing more than what American scholars, after lifelong familiarity with their theme, have stated over and over again. He gives a sketch of Armenian history, the causes of the atrocities of to-day and an unusually clear statement of the attitude of the Great Powers.

At bottom, the Armenian question is one of religion. It is extremely difficult to understand for one born in a free land, where there are no state church, no Turks, no Kurds, no Circassians, no Georgians, no Zeibeks and no Mohammedan religion. Beside the root-causes in religion, making it as little sin for an Islamite to kill a Christian as to kill a hog, it seems to be a fact that the Mohammedan population of Turkey is constantly decreasing, while the Christians are steadily increasing. The causes of this state of affairs are clearly stated by the author, and are, briefly, (1) a large standing army made up of Mohammedan young men kept from marriage and decimated by disease and war; (2) the enormous loss of life by cholera and other diseases among the pilgrims going every year to Mecca; (3) the love of luxury among the Mohammedan women, who prefer selfish indulgence to the duties of motherhood; (4) polygamy; and (5) various vices. Another cause is the increase of wealth, intellect and ability among the Armenians and the impoverishment and degradation of the Turks, which they can offset only by appropriating Christian blood and property. Greatest of all the causes producing the Armenian question, and acknowledged to be so, even by the unprotestant, unconverted and hitherto not directly influenced Gregorian Christians or Armenians, is the American missionary work, which has educated and uplifted a whole race. In a word, what has been done in a free unconquered country like Japan, has been done for a longer time in Turkey; in the one case helping to produce direct results which the whole world admires, in the

other ultimate effects at which the world now stands aghast. Even after discounting a large part of Mr. Filian's statement as exaggeration, there still remains an enormous body of facts that makes one wonder how Americans can allow the Turks to spit upon our naturalization laws, reject and refuse to admit our regularly appointed consuls, compel even the red cross to become the red crescent, and allow American citizens to be browbeaten, insulted and deported from their regularly guaranteed fields of labor. There are illustrations and a collection of poems upon the Armenian question.

#### "In the Heart of the Hills"

By Sherwin Cody, Macmillan Co.

MR. CODY'S sub-title, "A Book of the Country," is eminently descriptive, and it is many a day since so simple and unsophisticated a novel has appeared. It is hard to adjust oneself to its straightforward honesty, its total absence of self-consciousness. It is as wholesome as country air, and as bare and cold as a Western farmhouse. Its clean and lucid literalness and its remoteness from the subtleties of modern life seem to destroy its connection with this turbulent end of the century. In the beginning, where it comes in contact with city life, the simplicity and baldness are grotesque. But these qualities seem to adapt themselves admirably to the life of farm and village, which occupies most of the book. The one improbable thing in the story is the swift transformation of the hero, who quarrels with his father and leaves home almost penniless, from a city man, who has graduated from college, into a simple country lad. Of course, the road is not made smooth for him, but his very fibre seems different. All his thoughts and desires and ambitions are those of a country boy; he takes his pleasures in the same way, he understands the life at once and adapts himself to it. He never has a regret for the luxury he has left behind. Though he has no false pride which would lead him to hold himself aloof from the people he encounters, yet it is improbable that he could instantly take up the democratic fellowship of the country.

The scene of action is in the New Hampshire hills, and the picture is absolutely faithful to the cold good-heartedness of New England farm-life. It shows the occasional spitefulness and tyranny, the long slavery of work, the unselfishness, the rigid reserve, the narrowness, the good-humor, the serenity, but, above all and pervading everything, the barrenness of the life. The book reflects it all with stern realism, and from one end to the other it is absolutely devoid of beauty. The author tries to impart this quality through Alec's love of nature and the dignity of the scenery about his home. "The city enthusiast," he says, "is at times astonished at the apparent blindness of the country man to the grandeur and beauty about him; but if he does not look and admire, it is because his bones have become imbued with the sights and his fingers feel them and his nerves are tuned to them. Take him from their presence and he would die of loneliness." But this a mere assertion; he cannot make us feel its truth. Like his own villagers, he is inarticulate.

#### "In the Valley of Tophet"

By Henry W. Nevins, Henry Holt & Co.

IT IS IN such work as this that the true realism is to be found, the realism which looks into the heart of things, and sees the beauty of the illusions that make up life. The realities of existence, its happiness and misery, lie quite as much in the imagination as in the outward circumstances of which alone the world has cognizance. The ordinary observer can see the trivialities, the accidents of life, but the artist must find the truth that lies beneath them. Mr. Nevins's sympathy is profound, his imagination illuminating; it is as though he had lived in the mines and been one of the people he describes, so thoroughly does he understand their joys and sorrows. Now and then he reaches the essence of things. His men and women are human like ourselves; they endure the same heart-burnings and jealousies, they suffer with the same unhappiness, they rejoice in the same delights, the same illusions. Though they deal with the most degraded and miserable lives, there is little that is sordid in these tragedies. They are lifted above degradation by the beauty in them, the subtle beauty of character and emotion.

The "Valley of Tophet" is the English mining country where coal and iron are brought out of the earth and made ready for the market. "It was a land of iron and fire—a land where nature and man seemed to have combined to make a desolation and call it wealth. Over the whole face of it lights and furnaces winked and flared. By day the

columns of smoke rose blue and white and black from the plain; by night they reflected the dusky glare of flames." This is the background for the pictures which Mr. Nevins draws, and, though it is not obtruded in them, it is never forgotten. The figures that move through the pages are a part of this dismal valley, gloomy with its gloom, picturesque with its barren melancholy beauty, dramatic with its lurid contrasts. The hopelessness of it all is borne in upon one strongly, yet behind it there is a kind of poetry which makes it tolerable—even beautiful. In the first two stories it is the horror that we feel, and only afterwards, when we have become accustomed to the smoky atmosphere, can we appreciate the grace of the dim outlines. The charm begins with "The Tale of Shadow," whose capacity for self-sacrifice is almost too great, and continues through most of the stories which follow it. "On the Road to Parnassus" is a touching, artistic satire upon the ambition and self-satisfaction of more pretentious poets than this wandering minstrel. "An Anti-social Offender" is dramatic and intensely, pathetically human. "The Old Adam" and "An Autumn Crocus" are full of a simple, tender pathos, which never descends to sentimentality: the author has humor enough to save him from that fault. The entire book is original, because it represents accurately and imaginatively a kind of life that is strange to us. But in such a case everything depends upon the handling. Another writer might have made this subject dull and prosaic; Mr. Nevins has vitalized it, so that hereafter to one who has read his book the mines will wear a different aspect.

#### "The Speaker"

Of the House of Representatives. By M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green & Co.

"THAT IT SHOULD still be possible in the year 1896 to publish the first elaborate and thorough study of the Speaker of the House of Representatives," says Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart in his introduction to this book, "is a proof that such a work as this is needed." This observation is surprisingly true. The Speaker is the most potent and most interesting of all the nation's officials except the President, and through the committees which he shapes he has, on critical occasions, been able to exert more influence over legislation than the President himself. And yet the people know comparatively little of the extent of the Speaker's powers and the methods by which he uses them. Miss Follett has made a very interesting and valuable book. She traces the growth of the Speaker's power step by step from 1789 to the present day, and shows him in his various aspects as moderator, party leader and autocrat. All the Speakers, from the earliest to the latest, pass in review in one or more of these aspects. Vivid pen-pictures are furnished of Clay, Bell, Polk (the only Speaker who ever became President), Winthrop, Cobb, Banks, Colfax, Blaine, Randall, Carlisle, Reed and Crisp. There are, too, glimpses of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, John Randolph, Joshua R. Giddings, James A. Garfield, George W. Julian, John Sherman and other prominent figures in the House who did not reach the Speakership. In one respect it is a sort of panorama of the nation's political life from the beginning.

Wrong members of Congresses appear in one or two places in the book (pp. 92, 161). Hildreth is called a "Federalist historian" (p. 66), which is somewhat surprising, considering that the Federalist party was dead a third of a century when he began to write his history. But his work shows a decided leaning toward that party and against the Jeffersonians. The statement that the House of the Forty-fourth Congress was "the first Democratic House that had assembled since the beginning of the civil war" (page 109), would read better, if it said "since 1859." The Republicans had a plurality in the House chosen in 1858, and, with the aid of a few Douglas Democrats and Americans, elected the Speaker, Pennington. The book, however, is wonderfully accurate considering the number of facts and "points" it gives.

#### American Ethnology

Thirtieth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office.

WE HAVE BEFORE had occasion to observe that most of the contributions which make up the bulk of an Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology may be said to belong as much to literature as to science. They are well-written and well-illustrated treatises on subjects of general interest relating to our aboriginal tribes; and some of them, if produced with their illustrations in separate volumes, might be sure of a wide circulation. The latest Report, nominally belonging to the year 1892, though but recently



published, is no exception, in the value and interest of its contents, to those which have preceded it. It comprises a careful account, by Mr. W. H. Holmes, of the "Prehistoric Textile Art of the Eastern United States," being mainly a comparison of the mat-braiding and cloth-weaving relics of the Moundbuilders with the like work of their successors and descendants (as the author holds), the modern Indians; an elaborate description, by Mr. Gerard Fowke, of the products of aboriginal "Stone Art," ancient and modern, in Northern America, which will supply a well-ordered treasury of illustration and comparison for future collectors of such products; two interesting papers, by Mr. Cosmos Mindeloff, the one on "Aboriginal Remains in Verde Valley, Arizona," reviving for us the knowledge of an extinct "pueblo" population, probably of Tusayan origin, who occupied the valley as an agricultural community, at no long distant date, and were driven out by the attacks of marauding savages, probably Apaches,—the other a full history and description of the famous *Casa Grande*, or "Great House," of the early Spanish explorers, with its surroundings in the same neighborhood,—a notable ruin, which has formed the subject of many fanciful theories, and has been deemed by Congress worthy of a separate appropriation for its preservation, but which now turns out to be merely a better-preserved specimen of the ancient pueblo, plundered and deserted like those of the Verde Valley; an instructive treatise by the late eminent missionary investigator, the Rev. J. O. Dorsey, on "Omaha Dwellings, Furniture and Implements"; and, lastly, an important work by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, entitled "Outlines of Zuni Creation Myths." As is well observed by the Director, Major Powell, "the myths of the Zuni are of especial interest; they represent an unusual development of the primitive concepts concerning the relation of things." Especially do "they relate to the preservation and cultivation—indeed to the artificialization—of maize, one of the most useful food-plants of the earth." The myths are given to us largely in a poetic form, which is both epic and dramatic, and their varied and often romantic contents will reward the attention of scholars who are devoted to the fascinating study of comparative mythology.

#### New Books and New Editions

"THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY," by Fayette S. Giles, is merely a new scheme for the socialistic reorganization of industry. The author would have all workers organized after the manner of an army, with officers bearing military titles, the whole system being, of course, under the control of the state. The mode of conducting business is not clearly defined; but it is all to be controlled from one central office, and, as in other socialistic schemes, everybody is to work cheerfully and energetically and with sole regard for the public welfare. Moreover, like other socialists, Mr. Giles is foolish enough to think that under the proposed regimen production would be so enormously increased that five years of labor would be sufficient to provide a man with the necessities of life for the rest of his days; so that "the full normal service of five years rendered will entitle the honorably discharged citizen to food, raiment and shelter for life—that is, to his or her *pro rata* share *per annum*, of clothing, cloths, shoes, hosiery, raw food supplies and non-perishable groceries, and to gratuitous medical assistance and free burial." Such is the author's plan, and, if physical nature and human nature could be remade to suit the conditions of the problem, it might succeed; but, unfortunately for Mr. Giles and the other socialists, that cannot be done. The author draws a doleful picture of the present state of society, but few sensible people, we think, even if their own particular lot is not a pleasant one, will care to have society remade after his pattern. In philosophy Mr. Giles is a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and the reader cannot help wondering what Mr. Spencer would say to his disciple's socialistic vagaries. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

FRED A. MCKENZIE'S "Sober by Act of Parliament" is an attempt to ascertain and state the actual effect of the various laws for the control and restriction of the liquor traffic which have been enacted in different parts of the civilized world. The author writes in a thoroughly judicial temper, and has evidently taken pains to secure accuracy in regard to the facts. He holds that experience has shown that some restriction on the sale of liquor is a necessity; but he is not a partisan of any particular method. Although an Englishman, he begins his study of the liquor laws with an account of those of the United States, setting forth the character and effect of the prohibitory laws enacted by several of the states, with some account of our license laws and of the state

dispensary law that prevailed for a time in South Carolina. He then proceeds to set forth the working of prohibition in Canada, of license laws and other regulations in New Zealand and Australia, of the Gothenburg system in Sweden, with some notice of the laws of other countries; and devotes the remainder of his book—about one-third of the whole—to a study of the license laws of England. A perusal of the book shows very clearly that the main difficulty with any kind of liquor law is its enforcement, and that either a good license law or a prohibitory law will do something to check intemperance, provided it is thoroughly enforced. On the other hand, several examples prove that no prohibitory law can be made efficacious unless it is generally sustained by public sentiment, and, consequently, that in some places a stringent license law is to be preferred. Mr. McKenzie does not discuss the plan of simply taxing the liquor traffic, as is now being done in the state of New York, his work evidently having been written before that method had become generally known. For England he favors an improved license system, but does not propose any particular law. We commend the book as a useful repository of facts on a difficult and important subject with which all civilized states will sooner or later have to deal. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IF ALL THAT we know of Hugh Miller was derived from a little volume bearing his name, in the Famous Scots Series, the reader would be forced to the erroneous conclusion that he was really of little importance in his day, and that the author, W. Keith Leask, had some hidden purpose in thrusting him before the public, forty years after his death. Happily, the memory of the lively editor and careful geologist will live in spite of the efforts to kill him made by Mr. Leask. Other readers might be led to conclude that fame was rare in Scotland, and of a character quite its own, if the Hugh Miller of Mr. Leask's book was a typical specimen. He was, in fact, nothing of the kind. The Miller of fact was a born fighter. He was never lacking an opinion, nor unready to follow it up with words that fell quite as powerfully as his fists might have done; and yet he was not so pig-headed as to believe that those who differed from him were little better than knaves. Mr. Leask tries hard to give the reader that impression, but fails. Much might be said of Hugh Miller as a geologist, but this is not the proper place for a critical essay. That he did much for the science is not to be questioned; that nine-tenths of all his conclusions were erroneous does not affect the truth of the previous statement. His opposition to evolution, foreshadowed in Chambers' "Vestiges of the Creation," came to naught; but we have, what is of greatest value, the presentation of geology in a readable and intelligible manner; which is saying more than can be repeated of a vast deal of more modern geological literature. But, it must be remembered always, Miller's books are to be taken for their literary, not scientific, value. Hugh Miller was good rather than great; literary rather than scientific, and as such will hold his place among famous Scots for years to come; but whether time will finally draw a veil over his name is a problem that only time itself can solve. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ROLF BOLDREWOOD'S "Old Melbourne Memories" is a collection of reminiscences of the early days of the great Australian city which the Boldrewoods helped to found. To old Australians, these pictures of a local life that is past must have an unusual charm, and to the general reader they have the interest which belongs to the story of personal adventures, told with a bright pen, by one whose memory annihilates time and makes it seem part of the very day of perusal. The author tells of the rosy-faced Englishmen and muscular Scotchmen who introduced civilization—not always in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount—in the great island continent which lies under the southern cross. Life on the farm and the uplands, adventures in the bush, the dangers from fire and the "black fellows" are described by a man who saw most of what he writes about. In this temperate climate, with forests full of game, with wild fowl plentiful, and the sea teeming with fish, some of the tribes of black men were physically and even mentally able to give some of the poorer sort of Anglo Saxons a good deal of trouble. Certainly, the moral side of the question is adorned by the black rather than the white man. All the world knows about the wrongs of the red man of America, but those of the Australian black, though equally great, are less familiar. Perforating the black fellows and improving them off the face of the earth seem to have been very popular pastimes in Australia. The author tells also about horse flesh and its excellent quality, and the benefits to be got by open-air riding, picnics to fern gul-

lies, in races and shooting parties, fishing excursions, kangaroo and opossum battues—everything which could impress the idea that life was one perpetual round of mirth and revelry. The same story, so familiar on our western prairies, of first the shanty, then the cottage, and finally the mansion, replete with all the appliances of modern country house life, has been a common one in the region around Melbourne. The book deserves the honor of a second edition, granted it by public and publishers. (Macmillan Co.)

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THE NOBLE ART of taxidermy receives exhaustive treatment in Mr. Montague Brown's "Artistic and Scientific Taxidermy and Modelling," a work which may be confidently recommended to whoever would learn how to preserve the correct forms of animals and plants. Mr. Brown lays great stress on the necessity of early training in both the scientific and the artistic appreciation of form, and would have all processes of stuffing discarded and modelling adopted instead. He doubts the utility of the kodak, and claims that taxidermic art should stand upon the same level with pictorial art—should be, in fact, the work of a sculptor, colored like nature where necessary, and finished with the actual skin. Hence he gives much space to directions for modelling in clay, plaster of paris, wax and various compositions, and a useful list of permanent colors for coloring accessories, as well as the usual information about narcotising and preserving fluids, tools and processes of skinning and setting up. The "artistic" groups shown in the plates are far from perfect. (Macmillan Co.) —"ALGERIAN MEMORIES" is a book that belongs to the kodak-and-bicycle class. One of its objects seems to be to advertise the excellent state of the roads in this portion of French Africa, and to show what new emotions and fresh impressions await the tourist who is *blasé* with too much European travel. This strip of land lying along the golden marge of the Southern Mediterranean is the seat of old civilizations. The winter sunshine is all that could be desired, fruit is abundant, and one can travel all over without danger to life or limb. None of the adventures related were of remarkable interest, but the story is told in a sprightly way, the pictures are numerous, and the authors, Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, are to be congratulated on furnishing the prospective bicyclist, pedestrian or traveller on horseback with a capital handbook, both readable and useful. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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"SELECTIONS from the Prose Writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Lewis E. Gates of Harvard University, are intended to furnish a model of English style for "those who are anxious to avoid all extravagance and yet to escape mediocrity." But the editor has also had in mind to give something like a connected view of Newman's theory of life and his justification of it. We are lacking in historical perspective and hold our modern opinions as if there never were, or could be any others, faults which may be to some extent corrected by making the acquaintance of Newman's nearly opposite system. The editor has done his work well. (Henry Holt & Co.) —AMONG THE RECENT additions to *The Babelot* are "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," by Robert Louis Stevenson (June), and "Certain Songs and Sonnets from 'Astrophel and Stella,'" by Sir Philip Sidney (July). (Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.) —A NEW VOLUME in the well known and ever-welcome Mermaid Series is devoted to "Sir John Vanbrugh," and is edited by Mr. A. E. H. Swaen. The introductory matter includes Leigh Hunt's biographical and critical sketch complete, with copious annotations and corrections. There is also a full bibliography of Vanbrugh's works. The plays selected as the "best" are "The Relapse," "The Provoked Wife," "The Confederacy" and "A Journey to London." The text, as in all the volumes of the Series, is given without expurgation. The frontispiece is from Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of the dramatist. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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"BICYCLING FOR LADIES," by Maria E. Ward, is a book which from the very nature of its subject is bound to have a wide reading. There is no topic of more interest to-day than that of bicycling and bicycles. Instead of diminishing, the interest in the subject increases every hour. The writer, Miss or Mrs. Ward (one is always at a disadvantage with a woman's name when he does not know her condition as to matrimony), understands her subject thoroughly and has illustrated her book with reproductions from photographs that add very much to its value. Of

course, no one could learn to ride a bicycle from studying the rules laid down in a book. Once having learned the first steps, however, a book is an excellent thing. This one goes into the subject at greater length and with more particularity than do the majority that have been written on bicycling, and it gives most minute directions, not only for riding, but for the care of the wheel, the care of the rider, and a great many things that are overlooked by the men who have written of this delightful pastime. There are some directions that may alarm the beginner, but they would cease to be formidable if explained by word of mouth and with the wheel before the eyes. It is our opinion that more can be taught in a half hour by an intelligent teacher, "Prof." Ike Johnson, for instance, than by any number of books, but the book is a valuable second instructor. It is excellent for refreshing the memory and for gaining certain bits of information that the teacher may not give. Every beginner will find this book of great practical value: it will bear careful study. It is not intended to be read at a sitting, but rather to be gone over carefully, and its hints and rules should be thoroughly digested before they are put into practice. (Brentano's.)

### Three Pending Lives of Christ

(The October Bookman)

A FEW MONTHS ago Mr. Arthur Waugh, in his London letter to *The Critic*, contradicted the statement that Hall Caine, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren each contemplated writing a Life of Christ. Observing that Mr. Andrew Lang, in *The Illustrated London News*, now makes the same statement, we may as well say, on the best authority, that they are both wrong. The facts are as they have been stated. Those by Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett will, we understand, see the light first in serial form, and at no very distant date. The Life which is being written by Hall Caine may be looked for within two years. Mr. Hall Caine has long been engaged on this Life, which is expected to be a remarkable production. He has always appeared reluctant to talk about the book lying unprinted in his desk; but something of the author's intentions may be gathered from what he said to an interviewer nearly three years ago. "I have written a book," he said, "that will contain, in my own judgment—if that is worth anything—the best literary work I have ever done. The subject has mastered and moved me more than any other, and some of the passages dealing with the chief events—Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, etc.—are, in my judgment, ahead of anything else of mine." The reason for the long postponement of Mr. Hall Caine's Life of Christ is to some extent explained when he says:—

"I have no intention of publishing the book until I can make a long stay in Palestine, and then very likely I shall write it all over again. I have long hungered for this subject, having felt that although the Life of Christ has been written by great scholars, it has never—except once, by Renan, and then adversely—been written from the imaginative point of view, looking at the question as you would look at a great imaginative conception. The Life has been written from the point of fact, not from the point of imaginative insight. It is a very daring thing to attempt, but that is the direction in which I wish to go. It is beset with dangers—the danger of going over the lines of clear record, for instance, and for that reason I am in no hurry to print the book."

### London Letter

WE WERE DISCUSSING last week the suggestion that a good many publishers are getting tired of the novel, have found, in fact, that there is more expense than profit about its publication. A further evidence of this reaction may, I think, be seen in the recent vogue, now at its height, of cheap editions of the English classics. Mr. Clement Shorter's Nineteenth Century Classics have already been welcomed in these columns, but they are far from standing alone. Just now, four or five publishing houses seem to be vying with one another to see who can produce the cheapest and most artistic reprints. For instance, there are Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Foster. A more remarkable effort than their Cheapest Books in the World Series, it is almost impossible to imagine. Admirably printed on fine paper, illustrated and handsomely bound, these volumes present for half-a-crown an amount of finish that two years ago would have cost six-shillings or even seven and sixpence. The same firm have in preparation a wonderful Shakespeare, at a purely popular price. Then, again, we have a new firm, Messrs. Service & Paton. These gentlemen, who have been for some years connected with Messrs. Nisbet & Co., have just opened business with a series of reprints, starting with an



excellently-equipped "Sartor Resartus" at half-a-crown. And it is said that Messrs. Warne will shortly put forth yet another Shakespeare, which is likely to prove the most promising bargain of them all.

Truly, the poor scholar is in luck's way just now. Never was there a better opportunity for founding a respectable library at the minimum of outlay. The question is: How can the publishers afford it? The paper alone must cost sevenpence or eightpence; and we all know the cost of composition. The margin of profit, even when an enormous edition is printed off, can be but very small. And there are always the working expenses, of which Mr. Heinemann is apt to remind us. One feels that one would rather be the purchaser than the seller.

The long cricket season came to a close at Lord's yesterday with a friendly match between the Authors' Club and the Press Club. This contest was instituted last year, and seems likely to become annual. Yesterday's encounter was a great advance on that of 1895. For not only was the cricket of a much higher order, but several notable authors were to be seen in flannels. Foremost among them was Dr. A. Conan Doyle. The Press Club won the toss; but, as the wicket was wet and promised to cut up, they put their opponents in. This was reckoning without the W. G. of Whitehall Court, to whom all wickets came alike. Dr. Doyle went in first, accompanied by Mr. C. A. Tyssen, and the pair at once set to work. Dr. Doyle's hitting was immense, and the score was raised to 178 before a wicket fell. Then Mr. Tyssen was out for a fine 97. Mr. Duckworth came in, and Dr. Doyle completed his century, at which point the innings was declared closed: Dr. Doyle not out, 101. In three spirited hours of batting he hit eleven 4's, five 3's, and eleven 2's. Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Frankfort Moore, who were also included in the Authors' side, got no chance of showing their prowess. Nor did Dr. Doyle's exploits stop short here. When the Press went in, he secured two wickets for 12 runs, and that the Authors had all the best of the draw was principally due to his herculean efforts. He was of course immensely applauded by his enthusiastic fellows; for he is one of the most popular men now engaged in writing.

Since Mr. Albert Chevalier left the stage for the music-hall, no metamorphosis of the kind has aroused more interest than "Little Tich's" desertion of the music-hall for the stage. On Tuesday in this week, at the Garrick Theatre, "Mr." Tich, as he will henceforth be called, shed the dust of the Pavilion from his feet, and appeared in a new musical comedy, which is especially contrived to show off his peculiarities. For the benefit of any readers who have never seen "Little Tich," I may mention that he is about four feet high, and has a face which would make the fortune of any music-hall singer. One of his favorite tricks on the music-hall stage was to wear big boots, and to sit down on the stage with his legs straight before him and his feet perpendicular. In this position his body was completely hidden by his boots, and his business consisted in peeping round his own feet! In his new play, "Lord Tom Noddy," he woos a lady of six feet and over, and the audience is convulsed. No doubt it is very amusing, but it seems a rather incongruous performance for a house named after the greatest English actor, and hitherto associated with the Comedy of Manners!

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the clever author of "The Courtship of Monica Buckler," will publish his next story serially in the pages of *The Monthly Packet*. It is to deal with Jacobite intrigue, and its present title is "The White Rose." Mr. Hall Caine has nearly finished his next long novel, "The Christian," which will begin in *The Windsor Magazine* next year. The same magazine is to publish a series of adventurous tales by Mr. Max Pemberton. Mr. Pearson has secured a very remarkable story by Mr. H. G. Wells for publication in *his* magazine during 1897. It is said to be the most imaginative and weird piece of work yet put forth by that writer. These little stories will prove how important is the influence of the magazine just now in England. Almost every popular author expects to place his story serially, before it appears in book-form; and, moreover, the editor wants his work. And yet the strange part of it all is that the stories are scarcely mentioned or discussed at all until they appear in book-form. They might as well be buried in the pages of some scientific quarterly. Do people read them, then? If so, why are they so morose? And if they do not read them (as I, for one, shrewdly suspect), why do the editors continue to pay vast sums for lengthy serials? Is it for the advertisement of the name? But these things are hidden upon the tablets of the initiated. They know, no doubt.

LONDON, 18 Sept. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## The Lounger

I FIND THIS in *The Bookman*:—"Mr. Rudyard Kipling has disposed of the serial rights of his new novel, 'Captain Courageous,' for the sum of \$12,000. On the sale of the work in book form he will receive a handsome royalty, with a payment in advance of \$15,000 on account. Thus before a single line of the novel is in type, he secures the neat little sum of \$27,000. And yet wonder is frequently expressed that in these days nearly every one tries his hand at literature!" I understand that the Century Co. pays Mr. Kipling a little less than \$4000 down on account of royalty. Are we to believe that his English publisher pays him over \$11,000 in advance? I can hardly think that his advance payments from America, England and the British colonies aggregate so large a sum as \$15,000.

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FROM NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, E. C. sends me this memorandum:—"In Mr. Kipling's short story, 'Georgie Porgie,' the incident is related of a Burmese girl, Georgina, following her faithless lover about India; and the author says:—'The trouble was that Georgina loved Georgie Porgie just as much as the French girl in the English history books loved the priest whose head was broken by the King's bullies.' The 'priest whose head was broken by the King's bullies' was, from the evidence, Thomas à Becket. No page of the 'English history books' records any French girl following Thomas à Becket to reclaim his errant affections; but the father of Thomas—Stephen (or Gilbert) Becket was followed to London by a Syrian princess, after the crusades. She wandered up and down Cheapside, reiterating mournfully 'Stephen—Stephen,' until Stephen heard her, led her home and married her. Thomas, the ill-fated priest, was the eldest son of this romantic marriage. The similarity of incident, Georgina following Georgie Porgie, and the Syrian princess following Stephen, leads me to think that Mr. Kipling, in his illustration, confusing the Becket, father and son, offers us the encouraging spectacle of a staunch patriotic literary Englishman gone astray on a familiar incident in his own English history." I was under the impression that the Saracen maiden's two words were "Becket" and "London."

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NOW THAT "Ian Maclaren" is "in our midst," I suppose we shall have to call him by his real name. The Rev. Dr. John Watson, whose arrival in this city we recorded last week, was promptly interviewed by a roomful of reporters, at Major Pond's office in the Everett House. One of them gives a description of him, in the *Tribune*, that tallies well with the portraits we are familiar with. "The author is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a hearty, pleasant manner, an air of brisk vigor, and a shrewd, thoughtful, kindly face, marked by prominent features, and framed in iron-gray whiskers and gray hair." He scouted the idea that his sixteen years' residence in Liverpool made it necessary for him to refresh his recollection of the Scottish dialect. "I had to preach a long while among the people, you know, and I knew the dialect thoroughly. You would know a Scotchman of that district ten miles off if you once heard him pronounce a word with an 'r' in it. He wrestles with it."

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DR. WATSON ANNOUNCED that his new novel, "Kate Carnegie," would appear "on or about Oct. 4." As Oct. 4 (tomorrow) is Sunday, it is probable that the book will be published to-day. Apropos of the title: the name of Carnegie has been associated in many minds with that of "Ian Maclaren," ever since the Stevenson memorial meeting at Carnegie Hall, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie spoke with notable enthusiasm of the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

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NOTWITHSTANDING the "fun" Max O'Rell got out of a request for his preconceived impressions of America, just before he first sailed for this country, a reporter ventured to ask Dr. Watson what he expected to find here. His reply was that Americans were not strangers to him, as so many of them were members of his (Presbyterian) church at home, that it was the rule there to pray for the President as well as for the Queen. Having gone to Egypt seven years ago to study the oldest civilization, he had come here now to study "the newest and the most progressive." "I expect," he said, "to be impressed by the vivacity of your people, by the sensitiveness of their intelligence, by their progressiveness." In response to another question, he remarked that he considered Mr. Harold Frederic's "Damnation of Theron Ware" the most powerful novel of the year; and referring to the fact that

the title under which the book was published in England ("illumination") was adopted too late for the American title to be altered accordingly, he said, rapping an imaginary tuning-fork on the table and holding his finger to his ear, "the publishers try a title, just as you try a note, and change it if it doesn't suit them. It's a question of ear." For the rest, the visitor denied that he had received a call to the pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle; and politely (and very properly) declined to be drawn into any discussion of English or American politics.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 25, Dr. Watson was entertained at dinner at Delmonico's. His host was a cotton merchant and there was a sprinkling of authors at the board. On Saturday he went to Lenox, Mass., to spend Sunday with Mr. John Sloane. On Monday he began a brief course of Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale College; and his first American lecture as a layman was delivered at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 2. He will then be the guest of Mrs. James T. Fields in Boston. On Oct. 12 he will speak in Brooklyn, Oct. 13 in New York, on Nov. 1 at the University of Chicago and on Nov. 11 at Cornell. On Sunday, Nov. 23, he will preach in the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, and on Dec. 11 in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. His return to England is fixed for Dec. 18, before which date he will have lectured throughout the West, without, however, having got as far as California. His lectures and readings will include "Certain Traits of Scottish Character," "Readings from the Annals of Drumtochty, with Notes," and "Two Unpublished Annals of Drumtochty." His two unpublished stories are "How We Kept Christmas at Drumtochty" and "Killdrummie Fair." Before he sails, the Aldine Club of this city will give a reception to him and Mrs. Watson.

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester *Guardian* writes that the stand taken by the Indian Government since the Hyderabad diamond case has made it impossible for Mr. Jacob, the curiosity monger of Simla, to do business any longer with the maharajahs of native states. A famous collection is therefore about to be dispersed, and the original of "Mr. Isaacs" will no longer carry on business at the old stand. A gentleman who was recently shown over Mr. Jacob's private apartments states that the description contained in Mr. Crawford's book still fits the drawing-room exactly:—

"It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into the subterranean chamber whither the wicked magician sent Aladdin in quest of the lamp. A soft but strong light filled the room, though I did not immediately comprehend whence it came, nor did I think to look, so amazed was I by the extraordinary splendor of the objects that met my eyes. In the first glance it appeared as if the walls and ceilings were lined with gold and precious stones, and in reality it was almost literally the truth."

A SUBJECT that is agitating English publishers is that of pound rates for periodicals. In this country, as everyone connected with the publishing business knows, periodicals can be sent to any part of the country at the rate of a cent a pound. This gives the publisher a splendid opportunity for circulation. He can, for instance, charge ten cents a copy per week for a paper, and \$3 for a year's subscription. In England they can afford no such difference in price. Where the American publisher makes twenty-five cents by this arrangement, the English publisher doesn't make more than twelve cents or fourteen cents, and Sir Walter Besant considers this the reason why American magazines are "devouring and destroying" those of England, and why some of the "so-called popular" English magazines "seem affected with a kind of dry rot." I have often wondered why the English publishers cannot induce Parliament to enact some laws for their benefit in this matter. Why should everything play into the hands of W. H. Smith & Co.?

APPROPOS of a paragraph in this column concerning Mr. Bunner's "Americanism," Prof. W. H. Bishop of Yale writes to me:—

"And yet Bunner had in fact his English leanings. He and I had an argument, some years ago, in the 'Open Letters' department of *The Century Magazine*, about New York as a field for fiction. He maintained that a young American lawyer, up in the top of one of the high office buildings in lower Broadway, was not as good a hero for a novel dealing with New York as a young English graduate of Cambridge, come here to seek his fortune, and sitting hand in hand with his wife in a down-at-the-heel ex-mansion in Bleeker Street. This seemed to me an arbitrary opinion. I could not see any more to it, then, than a matter of taste, nor can I now. But if Bunner was so averse to things English

as Mr. Matthews would seem to represent, how is it that his taste and sympathy took so kindly to that Cambridge graduate? By the way, a newspaper, which did not want to miss a good opportunity, said we had better stop disputing about how to use New York as a field for fiction, and go and do it, the point of the remark lying in the fact that we had each published a novel on New York life at about that time."

H. I. S. WRITES FROM Waldoboro, Maine:—"Your Fond du Lac correspondent, S. L. B. (Aug. 22), has been a little too hasty in his assertion that the label 'Yello w Ammer' is a Cockneyism, and that the authorities at South Kensington have blundered. The dime museums retain their eminence. Whisper to him that it is only the uninstructed who add the unnecessary *h* to the word *ammer*. The generic *emberisa* is merely *ammer* Latinized. Any standard national history will show him this."

TO SHOW HOW DISTINCT is the accomplishment of spelling correctly from that of writing well, I may quote three words from the manuscript of a well-known American author—one of the most charming of our writers,—which came under my observation some years since: "resistence," "mechanicle," "gound" (for "gown"). Here are some gems from the manuscript of a very bright book-reviewer, with whose work I was once familiar: "smouldering censor of fate," "pius maidens," "augure well," "upstreprous," "fascinating," "goulisn," "yoemen," "manuel," "inudoes," "illuding" (for "eluding," in the sense of "elusive"). There are other writers of my acquaintance, not unknown to fame, who show a similar incapacity for rendering unto words the letters that belong to them.

THE HON. JOHN BIGELOW is recovering from a three-weeks' attack of chills and fever—his first illness in many a long year. His son Poultney has been ill for the same length of time, with a fever, the seeds of which he brought with him from Africa. As a granddaughter of the elder Mr. Bigelow is also convalescing from a recent illness, the household at Highland Falls has not been as cheerful lately as is its wont.

## The Fall Outlook

(The Publishers' Weekly)

FROM THE ANNOUNCEMENTS made by the publishers this fall, we are justified, more than in any previous year, in claiming that the preparations show confidence in a business revival, and that the selections made show discrimination, generosity, and excellent taste. Booksellers are to be provided with stock for which they surely can make sales if they study the tastes and idiosyncrasies of their customers, and use ingenuity in bringing it before them at the right time and in the right manner.

It would always seem that both publishers and booksellers might do better if they did not undertake quite so much at one time; indeed, the plan of crowding into the last three months and a half the result of nearly a whole year's publishing activity, is entirely unnatural. We understand that such a course has been encouraged by the bookseller; but, as in the case of the magician's apprentice, described by Goethe, the pail of water which he invoked has swollen into a flood which threatens to swamp him. The distributing machinery of the book trade is unequal to the task of properly placing such an output of books as that made this season; and, certainly, the public is unable to digest it. If we are not mistaken, one of the problems of the publishing trade in the near future will be how to make a proper division of the books of the year.

The season promises to be richer than usual in works of pure literature. Volumes of essays are on the announcement list of almost every publisher, and the subjects of such essays appeal to a highly cultivated class of readers. Books about books and discussions of authors have probably never been so plentiful. Fine editions of standard works with editors' work of great value are also a feature in the preparations for fall publication. Very expensive illustrated works are few in number, and those announced are chiefly reproductions of the work of noted painters and sculptors. The gift-book, which was intended for the centre-table and appealed merely to the eye, has entirely disappeared from among new American publications.

The publishers seem more than every ready to take the risk of American fiction, and almost every American story-writer will furnish a book this autumn. Juveniles are far less plentiful than heretofore upon the lists of our leading publishers, but those they have undertaken are of a high order of literary merit, and lean towards instructive subjects—notably history and literature.



## Education

THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE'S opening meeting for the year 1896-7 was held on Wednesday of this week, President A. A. Healy presiding. President Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee Normal College, Alabama, made the opening address; Dr. Lyman Abbott, President of the Council, and Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, Director of the Institute, also spoke. The prospectus for the coming year is as rich and varied in its contents as usual.

Few literary workers of the present generation are without a debt of gratitude to "Poole's Index," and there must be many who will be glad to take advantage of the opportunity now offered to do honor to its inventor. A committee of the American Library Association is raising a fund to be expended in placing a bronze bust of the late Dr. Poole in one of the Chicago libraries which he so ably served, and will welcome contributions from any source to swell the considerable amount already received from the librarians of the country. Dr. G. E. Wire, 1574 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, is secretary and treasurer of the committee.

All who wish to subscribe toward raising \$1000 to provide for an H. C. Bunner Gold Medal to be awarded formally to the student at Columbia College submitting the best essay on an assigned subject on American literature should send checks to either of the following gentlemen:—Mr. Laurence Hutton, 229 West 34th Street, Prof. Brander Matthews, 121 East 18th Street, or Mr. Henry Gallup Paine, 126 East 19th Street.

Dr. Dörpfeld's first lecture in this country was delivered at Cornell University on Sept. 28, his subject being the latest excavations on the site of Troy. On the following night his lecture was on the Greek theatre, in connection with which he has made some very interesting discoveries.

The main building of Mt. Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Mass., has been destroyed by fire, and the loss will probably reach as high a figure as \$200,000. It is hoped that the insurance will cover the expense of rebuilding.

A Chicago reader of *The Critic* sends us this note:—"The Roby gift to the University of Chicago, mentioned in *The Critic* of September 19, will probably come to nothing. The Shedd, who really own the property, know nothing about such a gift." It is intimated that the pretended givers were prompted by a desire for notoriety.

Dr. J. Ackerman Coles and Miss Emilie S. Coles have recently given a marble group of Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness, made by Alessandro F. Cavazza, to the Theological Seminary of the Reformed (Dutch) Church of New Brunswick, N. J.

The appointment of Prof. Edward Dowden to a commissionership on the Board of National Education in Ireland has stirred up some of the Irish papers, who regard him as tainted with "agnosticism," although his brother is a prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and the Professor is married to a daughter of a former dean of St. Patrick's.

Norway has abolished the study of Greek and Latin in her public high schools, which means the total abolition of classical education in that country.

In his will, the late Albert B. Darling, lately one of the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, leaves \$10,000 to the St. Johnsbury Academy of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and \$2500 to the London Literary and Biblical Society, for the founding of an Alfred B. Darling Scholarship, in memory of his father.

The September *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* contains a paper on the "Buildings Associated with John Harvard," by the editor, Mr. W. R. Thayer. The illustrations include a view of the interior of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, where John Harvard was baptized in 1607, and where the Corporation of Harvard University is about to place a memorial window in his honor; the Queen's Head Inn, Southwark, probably kept by his mother, and only closed last year, after having flourished through five centuries; and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where Harvard studied in 1627-35.

## Notes

THE COMPLETE EDITION of Mr. J. M. Barrie's works is inaugurated with "Auld Licht Idylls" and "Better Dead." The typography and mechanical excellence of the book more than realizes the promises held out by the publishers' announcement. This edition will be even more beautiful than the others in the Messrs. Scribner's series of modern classics—Stevenson, Barrie, Kipling. There is a good portrait of Mr. Barrie in this first vol-

ume and an introduction by him in which he tells of his difficulties in finding a publisher for his early work. It was always his intention to be a novelist, but London and not Scotland he thought was the quarry. "Better Dead," which is included in this volume, he would rather have left out, but kept it in at the request of his American publishers. "Weighted with 'An Edinburgh Eleven,'" he writes, "it would rest very comfortably in the mill dam, but the publishers have reasons for its inclusion; among them, I suspect, a well-grounded fear that if I once began to hack and hew, I should not stop until I had reduced the edition to two volumes." It would be interesting to know which of the two volumes would have been spared by the author's axe and pruning-knife. The 150 copies of this edition printed on Japan paper were all sold before publication.

—Miss Katherine B. Wood, who had charge of the department of quotations connected with "The Century Dictionary," has compiled a volume of "Quotations for Occasions" which shows, not only an enormous amount of research but a sense of humor as well. The quotations are adapted to all purposes and for all occasions.

—The Messrs. Harper have in press volumes of stories by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart and M. E. M. Davis, which doesn't look as though this firm thought that short stories didn't pay.

—The news comes from England that Mr. George du Maurier "is confined to his bed with a serious affection of the heart and lungs." Mr. du Maurier has not been well for a long time past, and has been denying himself to all visitors, except very intimate friends, for six months or more. He worked very hard to finish his new serial, "The Martian," the manuscript of which is all in the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros., who have, also, the illustrations for seven of the ten parts into which the story is divided.

—A new novel by Mr. Frank R. Stockton will be published in *Harper's Magazine* next year.

—Joseph Knight Co. of Boston announce a number of volumes, some of them classics of their kind, in continuation of their Cosy Corner Series. Their two-volume *variorum* edition of the "Rubaiyat," edited by Mr. N. H. Dole, will be a veritable cyclopedia of the literature of the subject, including thirty complete or partial translations of the quatrains in English, French and German.

—Among the many announcements which the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* make for the fall and winter of 1896-97, is a series of End-of-the-Century Papers. Following Mr. John Fiske's article in a recent number on "A Century of Science," will be similar papers summing up the advance made during the nineteenth century, such as "A Century of Exploration," "A Century of Social Betterment," "A Century of Religious Liberalization," "A Century's Development of American Nationality," etc. These papers are to be written by authorities upon the various subjects treated. Other notable features of early numbers will be a series of papers on "The Interpretation of Democracy," by E. L. Godkin; an article on the Peabody Fund and other benefactions, by President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins; a series of papers on "The Masters of American Literature," and another on contemporaneous American writers.

—In the course of a letter acknowledging a copy of the Appleton edition of Felix Gras's "Reds of the Midi," Mr. Gladstone says: "Each country has questions sufficient or more than sufficient for its citizens; but nothing can prevent me from taking a true and lively interest in the question of decentralization."

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell spent many months in gathering material for his romance, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which is to be the leading serial of *The Century* during the coming year. The Historical Society of Philadelphia gave him free access to its great collections of family letters of nearly all the older Philadelphia families—the Shippens, McKeans, Logans, etc.; and he also visited and studied all the localities of his story except Yorktown. The novel is a story of the Revolutionary War and of Philadelphia society during the period from 1753 to 1783.

—Brentano's will publish this month "Sun and Shield," by the Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, senior rabbi of Temple Emanuel, in Fifth Avenue. It is a volume of "devotional readings for every day of the year, designed to satisfy a need that is felt among spiritually-minded Israelites."

—Mr. Bardwell, librarian of the Brooklyn Library, has expressed his willingness to check bicycles belonging to persons using the library. This is a decided innovation.

—MM. Coppée and Heredia have each written verses which are to be recited, in the presence of the Tsar and Tsarina, upon the visit of their Majesties to Paris next week. Mme. Bernhardt will recite a poem written by M. Sully-Prudhomme, after the Tsar and Tsarina have dined at Versailles.

—*Poet-Lore* has absorbed *The Magazine of Poetry*.

—The French Academy has received a legacy of \$20,000, the interest of which is to be spent in the encouragement of moral literature.

—On the first of June there were in existence in Paris 2291 periodicals of all kinds, classified as follows: 800 monthlies, 669 weeklies, 137 dailies, 237 with no fixed dates of publication. The others are semi-weekly, etc. France, as a whole, including the colonies, issues 3566 periodicals, of which 336 are dailies.

—A new translation of Shakespeare into French, by M. Jules Lermina, with illustrations by Robida, is shortly to be published in Paris. It will be extremely literal, the translator's intention being to enable his readers to read Shakespeare as he wrote, through the medium of another language. "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" will be published in October.

—The Majajie, Queen of the Woodbush tribe of South Africa, has just died at the age of 120 years. Queen Majajie was said to be the original of Mr. Rider Haggard's "She."

—Herbert S. Stone & Co. announce "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, with drawings by Frank Hazenplug; "The Fatal Gift of Beauty," short stories by C. E. Raimond; "Miss Ayr of Virginia," short stories by Miss Julia Magruder; "What Maisie Knew," a novelette by Henry James; "In Buncombe County," by Maria Louise Pool; "Chap-Book Stories," by Octave Thanet and others, and "Chap-Book Essays," by T. W. Higginson and others; and "The Land of the Castanet," by H. Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor.

—Mr. F. W. Pangborn, who was for a long time associated with his father in editing the *Jersey City Journal*, has just taken the editorial charge of *Godey's*.

### Free Parliament

*Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.*

#### ANSWER

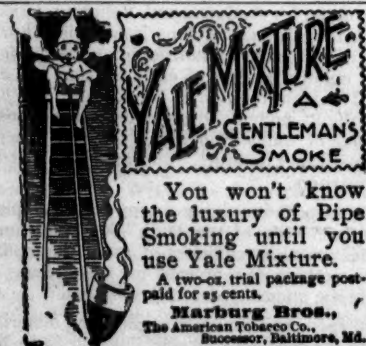
1820.—The author is Gerald Massey, and the poem is entitled "To-day and To-morrow." It appears in "Songs of Freedom,"

one of the Canterbury Poets Series, and doubtless in any collection of Massey's poems.  
E. J. W.

1821.—See "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto I, stanza xi. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. W. H. T.

### Publications Received

- Alger, Horatio, Jr. Frank Hunter's Peril. Retold. Henry T. Coates & Co. American Book Co.  
Baldwin, James. Fifty Famous Stories. Retold. Macmillan Co.  
Balzac, H. de. The Country Parson. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Bibliographica. Part X. \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Boardman, Emory. Winning Whist \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Britton, N. L. and A. Brown. An Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada. Vol. I. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Cherry & Violet: A Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Mary Powell." \$2.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Curtis, George T. Constitutional History of United States. Vol. II. Harper & Bros. Macmillan Co.  
Daudet, A. Robert Helmont. \$1. American Book Co.  
Defoe, Daniel. Robinson Crusoe. American Book Co.  
English Historical Reprints. Ed. by W. D. Johnston and J. B. Johnston. 25c. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Shreehan & Co.  
Geddie, John. The Balladists. 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Godkin, E. L. Problems of Modern Democracy. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Griffin, A. F. C. Index of the Literature of American Local History. Boston: Carl H. Heinemann.  
Guerber, H. A. Legends of the Middle Ages. \$1.50. American Book Co.  
Guerber, H. A. The Story of Greece. 60c. American Book Co.  
Hazard, R. A Short History of United States Coinage. A Address Before the Washington County (R. I.) Agricultural Society.  
Halleck, R. P. Education of the Central Nervous System. \$1. Macmillan Co.  
Hirsch, William. Genius and Degeneration. D. Appleton & Co.  
Jacobs, Joseph. Literary Studies. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Johnson, A. Lives of the Poets. Vol. V. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Link, Samuel A. Pioneers of Southern Literature: No. 1. A Glance at the Field. 10c. Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.  
Lothrop, T. K. William Henry Seward. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Mathews, William. Nugae Litterariae. \$1.50. Roberts Bros.  
Maynard, Cora. Some Modern Heretics. \$1.50. Roberts Bros.  
Magruder, Julia. The Violet. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.  
Moulton, Louise C. Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere. \$1.50. Roberts Bros.  
Molineux, Marie A. Robert Browning Phrase Book. \$3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Munroe, Kirk. Rick Dale. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.  
Petrie, W. M. Flinders. A History of Egypt. Vol. 2. \$2.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Perry, Nora. Three Little Daughters of the Revolution. 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Royal Natural History. Ed. by R. Lydekker. Nos. 32, 33, 34. F. Warne & Co.  
Roffe, W. J. Elementary Study of English. Harper & Bros.  
Sergeant, A. The Idol-Maker. D. Appleton & Co.  
Sheldon, C. M. His Brother's Keeper. \$1.50. Cong. S. S. and Pub. Soc.  
Sterrett, J. D. The Power of Thought. \$1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Stevenson, R. L. Fables. \$1. New York: Truelove & Comb.  
Stephen, J. Playground of Science. New York: Truelove & Comb.  
Stevens, Benjamin F. Separate Issue of the Introduction to the Calendar of American Papers in the Earl of Dartmouth's Collection.  
Stevenson, R. L. In the South Seas. Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. Volumes I-III. London, Eng.: Eyre & Spottiswoode.  
Todd, Mabel Loomis. A Cycle of Sonnets. \$1.25. Roberts Bros.  
Villari, Pasquale. Life and Times of Savonarola. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Sir George Trevelyan. \$2. Macmillan Co.  
Way, Arthur S. The Tragedies of Euripides. Vol. 2. \$2. Macmillan Co.  
Weaver, Emily. The Rainproof of Invention. \$1.50. Cong. S. S. and Pub. Soc.  
Wise, F. M. A Text-Book for Training Schools for Nurses. 2 vols. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Whiting, Lillian. The World Beautiful. \$1. Roberts Bros.  
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